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THE ONE WAY.

[BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.]

HE sought the Haven of her Heart
Along a thousand ways,
But all in vain, for paths grew dark
And wound in endless maze.

High seem to men the paths he took
Of luxury and ease,
Of wealth that with its promised things
So many hearts would please.

One path another found that lay
Far from the heights above;
Straight to her heart it beckoned him—
That little path of love.

—*From Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

LEO TOLSTOY.

[By J. W. Abernethy, '76.]

TOLSTOY is dead, and a great beacon light of the intellectual world is extinguished. Two generations have watched with mingled wonder and admiration this towering figure of the Russian steppes, understanding but vaguely its portentous purport, yet fascinated by its strange, gigantic power. From an early period in the career of Tolstoy as an author, universality was peculiarly the prime attribute of his fame. His books have been translated into every language of the civilized world. Although intensely Russian in his feeling and in the devoted purpose of his work, it was his strange fortune to be in many respects more effective in other countries than among his own people. The specific material through which he expressed himself was always Russian; he drew nothing from foreign sources. But the fundamental problems with which he grappled in a new and astonishing way, the meaning of life and the right manner of living, are of common interest to all thinking humanity. Now that the glamour of his personal presence is dissipated, the mystery of his power will be solved, not at once, but gradually as his activities are brought into a more accurate perspective of rational criticism.

"The greatest and the best man in the world" was Tolstoy, says Mr. Howells, in what should undoubtedly be regarded as an expression of feeling rather than of judgment, even though propounded by the dean of American letters. Goodness does not constitute greatness, as memorialized in the world's final judgments. The goodness of Socrates is only an inference from his wisdom, and in the greatness of Shakespere goodness at best is but an incident. It is yet to be demonstrated that Tolstoy was as wise as he was good. Criticism of his work has always been intemperate, excessive in both praise and denunciation. His readers are never indifferent, but powerfully moved either by attraction or repulsion. But this is only the normal effect of

genius. When a great thinker drops down upon the world there is sure to be a severe shock and disturbance.

The end of this illustrious career was tragically pathetic, yet strangely consistent and symbolically perfect—the hierophant of a divine order of human society overwhelmed, borne down to earth, stricken to the heart, by the sordid cares and petty irrelevancies of life; a baffled, disheartened prophet, turning his back upon a world that would not listen to his voice; a volcanic soul consuming with elemental fire, wandering like an exiled god, seeking in vain for rest and peace; a modern philosopher renouncing a civilization in which he had lost faith, and reverting with a last hope to mediæval isolation and silence. It is inexpressibly sad to see a life of splendid energy quenched at last in a murk of pessimistic despair, but the end seems but the inevitable denouement of the humane tragi-comedy in which the author had long played the leading role. Tolstoy's thought always tended toward madness.

In one external circumstance Tolstoy was happy in his death. Reduced by accident to the peasant's estate, he reached at the supreme moment of life a desired experience that he had never been able to realize through the extraneous trappings and affectations of poverty. Forced to live the life of a prince, in spite of protest and self-renunciation, he died in the hut of a peasant. And the ignorant peasantry, toward whom his great heart had always yearned, gathered about his bier in wondering sorrow, feeling vaguely the loss of something godlike which they could not comprehend. This incongruity is illustrative of Tolstoy's whole career, the failure of which was borne in upon him with keen agony of realization in his old age. He could never adjust himself to a society based upon relations of rational compromise, upon which alone society can exist at all. He spent his life in founding a Utopia in which at last he was the only inhabitant.

Leo Nikolajevitch Tolstoy was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, the ancestral estate of the family through several generations. Orphaned at an early age, he was brought up by an aunt, who was "pious after the fashion of her time," he says, and believed nothing to be so important as success in fashionable society. A sensitive spirit, swiftly affected by external events and easily swayed by an imperious conscience, was early manifested. At school he was dubbed "the philosopher" by his

companions, because like the young Shelley he found nothing congenial in the usual boy sports and shallow conversation. Three years he spent in the university, treating with contempt the antiquated instruction, and generally failing in his examinations. He contemned also the grand society with its loose morality and religious hypocrisy, into which his aunt thrust him. When nineteen years old he suddenly left the university, returned to the home of his birth, and in face of family ridicule began his first experiment in philanthropy. He had inhaled in his reading the seductive aroma of Rousseauism, and dreamed of a life of bucolic simplicity, devoted to the uplifting of the seven hundred peasants on his estates. "I idolized Rousseau to such an extent," he says, "that I wanted to wear his portrait on my breast beside the saint's picture." But his peasants, with minds made stolid by the ignorance and oppression of centuries, were suspicious of his intentions. An aristocrat doing good to a peasant could only be a wolf in sheep's clothing. He built model houses, and they preferred their crumbling huts; he established a school which they would not use; he opened a dispensary, and they continued to suffer in their foul hovels without medicine. Abandoning his discouraging experiment, he went to St. Petersburg, and there, and later in Moscow, threw himself with characteristic abandon into the dissipations of a luxurious and godless society, which he was soon to excoriate with a pen dipped in fiery gall. Possessing a sensuous nature, animal in its capacity for wild and irrational excess, yet subjected to a keen moral sense that was quick to strike with self-condemnation and restore a rational human equipoise, he spent his nights in sinning and his days in repenting. Every evil that he afterwards cried out against with the severity of a Hebrew prophet he had himself experienced. It was his baptism of fire.

Conscience and the habit of self-analysis soon brought home to him the folly and shame of the life to which he had committed himself, and he fled to the Caucasus to regain mental and moral poise in contact with the primitive life of the mountains. For a time he lived in a hut, then joined the army and learned by daily experience the horrors of war. During the Crimean war he was in command of an artillery regiment and served throughout the siege of Sebastopol. At the close of this disastrous war he engaged in journalism in St. Petersburgh, where he was associated

with his greatest rival in letters, Turgenieff. He now made three brief trips of social exploration in France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany, his only attempt at a knowledge of the world throguh travel. Returning finally to Yasnaya Polyana, he resumed his experiments in the regeneration of the peasants, opened schools in which he himself taught the little children, served the government efficiently in ajusting the troubles following the abolition of serfdom, and settled his social destiny at last by marriage. From the domestic ancorage of Yasnaya Polyana he never afterwards drifted. A family grew up about him numbering in all thirteen children, some of whom eventually brought their wives and husbands to dwell under the patriarchal roof.

Tolstoy's writings are all self-revelations; every book and pamphlet is a chapter of his autobiography. Much of his power springs from this frank outpouring of his thought and feeling. He has no secrets; the confessional is his most natural resort. St. Augustine is not more honest and complete. His works together constitute the most remarkable human document in literature. He could never write with dramatic detachment from his theme or characters. He is a leading character in the plots of all his stories; moreover he is always playing the pedagogue, for he writes to instruct and to reform. Art for art's sake he repudiated as useless, even immoral.

His first publication was *My Childhood*, a luminous, unrestrained description of a sensitive young soul struggling with its environment. It was at once hailed as the promise of a great genius. His next venture was *Mornings of a Landed Proprietor*, based upon his early attempt at peasant enlightenment. In this short sketch are the first outcroppings of the fundamental principles embodied in his later writings, including the method of literary expression of which he became the acknowledged master. His experience in the Caucasus furnished material for several stories, among them his first important novel, *The Cossacks*. In this story he first exploits his theory of perfection to be accomplished by discarding the shams of aristocratic society and adopting the simplicity of nature and the labor of the fields. This antithesis of the vices of high life and the virtues of low life, exaggerated by emotional bias and illogical inference and not always consonant with the passion for truth, continued to be the theme of his writing ever afterward. In *The Sortie, the Story of a*

Volunteer, written in the Caucasus, he first pictured the horrors of war. His intense hatred of war, the expression of which was a part of his daily creed, is more powerfully presented in *Sebastopol*, a book that makes even a hardened veteran shudder at the revelation of the awful truth of this bartering of governments in human souls. Here Tolstoy strips war of its high-colored romance, its glory, and its superstition of patriotism, and shows beneath the gold-laced uniform a shrinking, terrified human being driven to slaughter by the merciless hand of ignoble authority. Many of his short stories are merely realistic sketches of personal experience, such as *The Note-Book of Scorer*, a leaf from his autobiographic confessions, picturing the degrading and destructive influence of gambling ; *Lucerne*, based upon an incident witnessed by the author in Switzerland, illustrating the cruelty of the rich toward the poor, and *Albert*, the story of a profligate musician whom the author tried to reclaim.

Besides the *Cossacks* his great novels are *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*. The first is a picture of the Russian struggle with Napoleon, painted upon a vast canvas, with little regard for artistic proportion. The work fills over fifteen hundred closely printed octavo pages. But it is a work of great interest and power, interpreting with marvelous clearness the character of the Russian people, picturing with essential truth the events of a great historic epoch, and discussing with endlessly varied iteration the problems of religion and philosophy concerned in the salvation of the individual human soul. *Anna Karénina* is generally regarded as Tolstoy's greatest literary achievement, from the artistic point of view. It is a terrible arraignment of Russian society, irredeemably given over, according to the author, to vice and corruption. The story is powerful but repulsive. Its atmosphere is thick with sin, not the taint of individuals, but a miasma breathed by the whole social body. Adultery is not a crime, but an established and accepted social status. The brilliant and beautiful heroine, finding no refuge in the world for her ruined soul, throws herself under the wheels of a railway train. And the moral of it all is, like that of *Tannhauser*, the wages of sin is death. There is little in the book that is instructive and nothing that is elevating and inspiring ; yet in moments of fatuous admiration of its tremendous realism, college professors have commended the book to young ladies' boarding schools as

"the greatest novel of modern times." The greatest in some respects it undoubtedly is, and also the worst.

Tolstoy's influence has been exerted in three fields, politics, religion and literature. He was an iconoclastic reformer, directing every effort of his mind to the exposing of some definite evil. He assailed government for its cruel oppression. Because a thousand human beings are sent to the scaffold every year in Russia, the Czar is a murderer and government is an intolerable evil. As his anarchy was moral rather than physical, the government did not exile him, being content with the official suppression of his works, twenty-nine of which at various times have been placed under ban. His influence upon the political life of his people is vague and intangible, showing itself possibly in the awakening of the dull life of the masses that is now trying to express itself in the Duma; and it is more than probable that the Czar's initiative in the movement for international peace was due to Tolstoy's passionate preaching against war. Like every great reformer, he was a fanatic to his own age and people. Quite likely his strongest influence upon Russia will prove to be a reflection from outside sources.

He assailed the church for its spiritless formalities, its useless theology, its shams and superstitions, and its hypocritical and mercenary union with a corrupt government. Religion as administered by the church he regarded as a perversion of real Christianity, and the church's answer to his criticism was excommunication. His own religious creed, as expounded in the *Confession of Faith* and *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, is a literal application of the Sermon on the Mount. To the criticism that his theory of non-resistance to evil and of the universal brotherhood of men meant anarchy he replied frankly that he was an anarchist, but "such an anarchist as the words of Jesus have made me"; and with a spiritual mysticism that obliterates the practical facts of life he adds: "The man who is born again needs no civil or military authority, and it can have no power over him." The most attractive part of Tolstoy's life to study and contemplate is the evolution of his religious beliefs. His simple faith in poverty and the ten commandments is beautiful and inspiring, in spite of the picturesque and impracticable attempts at exemplification in his own living. In his altruistic teaching there is nothing really original, it being a part of the deep ethical awakening that is

affecting all thinking people, but a wide public emphasis was given to it by his remarkable and eccentric personality.

It is a part of the irony of Tolstoy's fate that his literary art, which of all the products of his brain he valued least, should have made the most substantial and permanent impress upon his age. He is the accepted high priest of modern realism, and when his vagaries of political and religious reform are forgotten his influence upon literature will continue to be a creative power. In one of his prefaces he says: "The hero of my tale whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty and who has always been and always will be most beautiful is—the truth." This is his literary creed, and by truth he means the reality of the living fact. He does not invent, he merely describes what he sees; his ideal characters are but transcripts of his own experience; and he describes with a strange and almost terrifying force. He gives only facts, points no moral, draws no inference. He argues with pictures, and paints with high lights, black and white, with no shading or half tints; hence he has been called "the Russian Rembrandt." A single sentence from the description of the battle of Austerlitz in *War and Peace* will illustrate the method and its power:

"On the narrow dyke August, where so many years the little old miller had peacefully sat with his hook and line, while his grandson with shirt sleeves rolled up played in the water-can with the palpitating silver fish; on that dyke on which the Moravians, in shaggy caps and blue blouses, had driven their two-horse teams loaded down with spring wheat, and returned dusted with flour and with whitened teams; along this same dyke, this narrow dyke, amid vans and field-pieces, under the feet of horses, and between the wheels crowded a throng of men, their faces distorted with fear of death, pushing each other, expiring, trampling on the dying and dead, and crushing each other, only to be themselves killed a few steps farther on."

In the power of revealing the secret life of the human mind and heart Tolstoy is without an equal. Nothing escapes him; he penetrates to the remotest recesses of the soul. He reveals by lightning flashes, shocks his reader with sudden conviction of sin, keeps him upon the rack until his confession is complete. It is mainly this power of revealing the soul to itself that will give Tolstoy's books their permanent value and vogue. One

never reads him as one listens to sermons, applying the lesson to everybody except one's self.

But all truth is not beautiful, as implied in Tolstoy's creed just quoted, and herein lies the limitation and detriment of his art. He was always a preacher, with some definite ethical lesson to enforce, but unfortunately his method of preaching was that of the New England Puritans, who in emphasizing the ugliness of sin ignored the beauty of virtue and made heaven merely a refuge for those who would escape the terrors of hell. Tolstoy was a Jonathan Edwards Redivivus. He taught the beauty of virtue through implication and inference from the horrible consequences of vice. His books are not immoral, as often assumed; sin is never made attractive, and in this respect his realism differs from the insidiously poisonous realism of the French; his realism is simply vulgar, Slavic in its coarseness, animal in its lack of instinctive reserve. Portions of *Anna Karénina* and of *Resurrection*, a novel written to expose prison abuses in Russia, no translator has dared to put into English. The *Kreutzer Sonata*, his most repulsive work, was prohibited by the Chinese government, not because it is sensuous, but because it is gross and offensive to every civilized sense of decency; and yet the purpose of this book was as pious as that of a Sabbath school tract. It is this abuse of the realistic method by its greatest master that has constituted its danger to literature. The followers of Tolstoy, mistaking or ignoring his ethical intent, search for truth only upon the seamy side of life, and write with a cynical contempt for beauty and in a spirit of pessimism and black despair. Turgenieff once said of Tolstoy's early works: "When this wine is clarified, it will be a drink worthy of the gods." His wine never became clarified, but continued to be so turbid with dregs as often to lose entirely its bouquet."

One of Tolstoy's comrades in the Crimean war wrote of him: "As a man, he was in one word, a queer fellow; and I must confess it, I did not understand him; nevertheless, he was a splendid comrade, an honest soul, and he had a golden heart." With some enlargement of emphasis, this comrade's early estimate might serve as a final summary of his life. He was always a "queer fellow," incapable of being understood, a strange mixture of intellectual brilliancy, noble instincts, passionate impulses, freaks and frailties; always in conflict with the world and with

himself, reaching in his spiritual struggles even the verge of suicide. He drew an indictment not against specific abuses in society merely, but against all civilization, as a vast sham and conventionalism. The more he toiled to make righteousness prevail, the more he was thrown out of joint with the times. His writings viewed as a whole seem a huge topsy-turvy of extravagance, vehement paradox, self-contradiction, incoherent theories and impossible ideals; a volcanic field of eruptive thought and passion that often destroy with burning heat the fair fruits that he most often desires to nourish. Renunciation is his law of progress. Art and science are worthless because they do not contribute to the material comfort of mankind. Music (which he dearly loved) is at best "the highest refinement of sensuality." Universities are useless because "they do not spring from any real need felt by the people." The life of the peasant is the true life of a Christian civilization, but progress for the peasant is a mistake, for it "does not add anything to his happiness"; the peasant has no use for the telegraph and printing press, and even the ability to read is a doubtful blessing. A philosopher sitting at table in a peasant's blouse, and eating his bowl of peasant's gruel, while his family dine in aristocratic luxury, attended by gloved lackeys, is a spectacle as incongruous as that of Diogenes in his tub in the presence of Alexander. But Tolstoy was not a philosopher thinking with calm logical coherency, but rather a moralist feeling with passionate intensity and acting with fanatical excess. And yet his was an "honest soul" and a "golden heart." In his great-hearted love for suffering humanity and in the grand sincerity of his spirit are to be found the abiding sources of his influence and power.

THE VOICES.

The winds at play on a breezy day,
Sweet, sweet to hear what they sing and say;
But sweeter the murmur of winds that blow,
When only the heart and the high leaves know.

—*From poems by John Vance Cheney.*

THE CARNEGIE GIFT.

IT will be remembered that a few weeks ago President Thomas was a guest of honor at the banquet of the St. Andrew's Society of New York City. Among other distinguished guests Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan were there, sitting at the same table with Doctor Thomas. Whether Doctor Thomas's comparison, in his speech, of the poor boy in Scotia and the poor boy in old Vermont, each seeking an education for its own sake and attaining it under similar conditions and similar sacrifices, touched a responsive chord in the iron master's heart or whether the charm of Doctor Thomas's personality and the convivial influence of a New York banquet had their effect upon Mr. Carnegie, at all events a few days ago President Thomas received a letter announcing Mr. Carnegie's gift of $20,000 toward the total sum of $200,000 which he had been working for since the Pearsons Fund was completed. This gift, like that of the General Education Board of $50,000, is conditioned upon the completion of the total amount. There remains $41,000 now to raise to make up the full amount and no doubt this will be raised long before the time limit has been reached.

While these gifts both of the General Education Board and of Mr. Carnegie are in themselves welcome, they are not to be regarded simply from the money value they represent; they are evidence of the regard in which this College is held by hard-headed men of affairs who have investigated and studied our conditions and environment and are satisfied that money expended here is well spent. Such gifts are the highest sort of testimonial to the efficiency of Middlebury College and to the belief of the donors that it is justifying its existance.

BISHOP O. W. WHITAKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9.—Right Rev. Ozi W. Whitaker, D. D., since 1887 bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, died at his residence here at noon today. The bishop had been suffering from grip and his advanced age, so the physician said, made his recovery impossible.

Ozi William Whitaker was among the oldest ecclesiastics in the Episcopal Church and one who, in the halcyon days of Nevada, was a mighty spiritual force in that wild country. For

seventeen years he served as missionary bishop on the Pacific slope, and that long term was followed by another of greater length on the Atlantic coast.

Bishop Whitaker was a Massachusetts man, and was born in New Salem, Franklin County, in 1830, and was the son of Ira and Chloe (Wood) Whitaker. His early years were spent on a farm. He fitted for college at the academies in New Salem, Shelburne Falls and at Brattleboro, Vt. He entered Amherst College in 1851, and left during his sophomore year to teach school. When he was able to resume collegiate work he went to Middlebury, Vt., where he spent two years, graduating in 1856.

For three or four years he was principal of the high school at North Brookfield, Mass., and then he forsook pedagogy for theology. He entered the General Theological Seminary in 1860, was graduated in 1863, and ordained to the diaconate and to the priesthood that same year in Boston. He began his ministry at Gold Hill, Nevada, in October, 1863. He was elected missionary bishop of Nevada and Arizona in 1868, his consecration taking place at St. George's Church, New York city, in 1869. At Reno, Nevada, he founded in 1876 the diocesan school for girls, from which hundreds of young women have gone out as examples of the influence and power of a well-conducted church school in moulding womanly and Christian character. He became assistant bishop of Pennsylvania in 1866, and bishop the following year upon the death of Bishop Stevens.

Bishop Whittaker had been twice married, first on Nov. 25, 1857, to Elizabeth A. Richardson, and his second marriage was to Julia Chester, on Aug. 31, 1865. Mrs. Whitaker died on June 18, 1908. With one exception Bishop Whitaker was the most venerable of the Episcopal prelates of this country.—*Boston Transcript, February 10.*

REV. CHARLES M. MEAD, D. D., LL. D.

ONE of the few survivors of the committee of revisers of the English Bible was Dr. Charles M. Mead, who died at New Haven, Ct., Feb. 15. Probably, however, he will be longest remembered for his work on the American Standard Revision, which is rapidly becoming the Bible in daily use of American English-speaking Christians. It is safe to say that the names of

those responsible for this revision will be more honored and revered a generation hence than they are now.

Dr. Mead was born in Cornwall, Vt., in 1836, where thirty years later he was ordained to the ministry. He had in the mean-time graduated from Middlebury College and Andover Theological Seminary and had taught Latin and Greek in Phillips Academy. He had also studied extensively in Germany at the universities of Halle and Berlin and had received a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Tübingen. For sixteen years following his ordination he was professor of Hebrew in Andover Seminary. When the theological controversies connected with that institution came to a crisis, though he did not take a prominent part in them, he resigned his chair and spent the most of the ten years from 1881 to 1892 in literary work in Germany and England. Returning to this country he was professor of Christian theology in Hartford Seminary for about five years. He spent several years in completing for publication the American Standard Revision of the Bible, residing in New Haven, with sojourn from time to time in Boston and Europe.

Dr. Mead received honorary degrees from Princeton University and Middlebury College. He died quite suddenly of pneumonia. Probably the last article he wrote for the press was the one published in *The Congregationalist* of February 18 over his signature, protesting against fortifying the Panama Canal. He was an ardent anti-imperialist and often expressed in the public press his objections to political measures and movements of which he disapproved. He is survived by his wife, who was with him when he died. He left no children.—*The Congregationalist.*

HERBERT E. BOYCE.

HERBERT ELI BOYCE, '00, whose death January 21, 1911, was recorded in the last issue of THE CAMPUS, was a man of exceptional force of character and unusual ability and attainments in linguistic fields. It may well be doubted whether once in a generation Middlebury develops a scholar to whom languages in general and the classical languages in particular are such living instruments, as they were to him, for the transmitting of thought. He was a philologist—a language lover—in the literal sense of the word; Latin and Greek and Hebrew

and Esperanto, he loved them all because of their common function, and his happy skill in employing one or another as a medium for correspondence had been for years a source of delight to those who were privileged to receive his letters. He had, moreover, the passion of the true teacher for imparting to others his own enthusiasm, and it is the belief of those who knew him best that some day, had his life been spared, amid surroundings congenial to his nature and his tastes, he would have filled some philological chair in a way reflecting credit on both himself and us. This, however, was not to be; we shall have instead only the memory of a career of promise cut short in what seems an untimely way, and the inspiration of a life that gave itself, with ever-increasing devotion, to the high things of the mind and of the spirit.

Mr. Boyce was born in North Springfield, Vt., Jan. 9, 1874, the son of William Bowen and Helen (Damon) Boyce. Having prepared for college in the Murdock School of Winchendon, Mass., he entered Middlebury in the fall of 1895, graduating in the Class of 1900. Subsequently he studied for one year, 1901–2, in Drew Theological Seminary, after which he was a tutor for three years in Anatolia College, Marsovan, Turkey. After the death of Doctor Prentiss in March of 1906, Mr. Boyce became Assistant Librarian of the Egbert Starr Library, serving later as Librarian, 1907–9. The year 1909–10 was given to study in Semitics and Greek at the University of Michigan. His illness was a brief one, quick consumption being the cause of death. The burial was at Weathersfield, Vt. *Sunt lacrimae rerum.*

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY BANQUET.

THE eleventh annual banquet of the whole college was held on Washington's Birthday in the town hall at half-past six o'clock. It afforded a good indication of the growth of the college in size. We have now so many students that, it would seem, we can no longer expect even a majority of them to so subordinate their various interests as to patronize any one form of entertainment. Those who were able to do so, were repaid by the excellence of the food and the high quality of the speeches. The program was as follows:

President's Address, - - Harold S. Tuck, '11
Oration, - - - - Dale S. Atwood, '13
Declamation, - - - William Richmond, '11

Toastmaster, W. E. Davison, '13

The Cherry Tree, - - - Miss Walker, '11
"I did it with my little hatchet."
America, - - - - Miss Havens, '12
"From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."
Faculty, - - - - Mr. Crafer
Address, - - Rev. F. W. Raymond of Proctor
The Green Mountain Boys, - Charles L. Smiddy, '13
"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."
The Spirit of '76, - - - E. B. Cook, '14
Address, - - - - President Thomas
Music, "America," - - - - Chorus

The banquet was in charge of Professor Burrage and a general committee composed as follows: Ratti, '11; O'Neill, '12; Dodd, '13; Smith, '14; Miss Smith, '11; Miss Norton, '12; Miss Buttolph, '13; Miss Esten, '14.

Rarely, if ever, has the office of toastmaster been more acceptably filled. A good student toastmaster invariably makes more of a hit with the company than does a member of the faculty, even though the latter may have had experience. The orator had the good sense to make his remarks pithy and brief, and to refrain from any of the spread-eagleism to which we have occasionally listened in the past. Even the declamation was conspicuously free from any suspicion of perfunctoriness.

Among the toasts from the classes, Miss Havens's graceful little address was faultlessly phrased, and given with a winning ease of manner.

Of the longer speeches, Dr. Crafer's scholarly talk bristled with kindly humor, while Mr. Raymond, though modestly disclaiming all merit for his remarks, certainly succeeded in impressing his message upon the company.

We have become accustomed to expecting good things from President Thomas, yet he seemed on this occasion to surpass even his own high standard. His wit played sparklingly about local customs, and his straightforward declarations as to matters of college policy were received with delight and approval.

The meeting was rendered still more memorable by a few words from Governor Stewart, who spoke impromptu. By many

in the company he was heard for the first time, and all appreciated the privilege.

The dozen or more resident alumni who attended added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Great credit is due the student committees for their skill and devotion.

THE GLEE CLUB.

MUSICALLY speaking, the club at the present writing has had an unusually successful season this winter, and under existing indications there is more ahead of the same quality. The work that the men are doing certainly warranted the good times that the people have extended under whose auspices the concerts have been given. It is safe to say that no glee club program within the memory of present undergraduates has excelled the one which the 1911 club is carrying. The only thing we have to regret is that the majority of the students are not blessed with sufficient interest to show any appreciation of the efforts of the musical clubs.

The concert here in Middlebury was one of the best given this season. A feature of the entertainment was a song written by A. B. Hepburn, '71, of whose interest in Middlebury we have ample evidence.

One source of satisfaction to the fellows is that jointly and severally they have planted thoughts of Middlebury where none grew before. Some of the evidence that points to this is shown by the following clipping from the Fort Edward *Advertiser:*

"On Thursday evening, February 16, 1911, in K. of C. hall, a most pleasing concert was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. The Middlebury College Glee Club came to this village under the auspices of 'The Platonian Society' of the F. E. H. S. and rendered the best concert which, thus far, the public has had the pleasure of attending.

"It is most difficult to pick out any selection for special comment, for all were equally good, but still the delightful recitations by Mr. H. A. Burnham must receive extra note. Mr. C. S. Reynolds well deserved the ample applause which he received for the charming manner in which he rendered his violin solo, 'The Hungarian Dance.'

"The following programme shows what a very high class concert was given by the "College Boys" and not only the above mentioned numbers, but also the numbers rendered by the Glee Club, accompanied by Mr. H. O. Thayer, were especially enjoyed."

PART ONE.

1. The Mulligan Musketeers, - - Glee Club
2. Apple Blossoms, - - - - Orchestra
3. The Story of the Double Ripper, - Mr. Burnhm
4. A Hunting We Will Go, - - - Quartette
5. Hungarian Dance, - - - Mr. Reynolds

PART TWO.

6. The Midshipmite, - - - Glee Club
7. The Silver Lining, - - - Mr. Woodward
8. Knockout Drops, - - - Orchestra
9. Excelsior, - - Messrs. Pollard, Kilburn
10. Aux Italiens (Il Trovatore) Messrs. Burnham, Reynolds, Thayer
11. Eldorado, Messrs. Pollard, Woodward, Kilburn, Atwood
12. Medley, - - - - Glee Club

The club has given concerts at Ludlow, Bristol and Middlebury, and at Fort Edward, N. Y. Other engagements are scheduled at Pittsford, Manchester and Bennington. The quartette and reader have also given entertainments at New Haven and Orwell.

THE ALPHA CHI DANCE.

THE fourth annual dance of Alpha Zeta of Alpha Chi took place in the town hall on Saturday evening, Febrnary 18. The hall was effectively decorated with American flags, bunting and cherries in honor of Washington's birthday. The idea was carried out in the favor dance, where each girl gave her partner a tiny hatchet, and in the refreshments, which were vanilla ice cream with Maraschino cherries and cake. There was another favor dance when each person received a snap bon-bon containing a paper cap and a toy. There were seventy-five couples present. Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Cunningham, and Miss White were the patronesses. Vittum's orchestra played. The alumnae present were Misses Marie Murkland, Agnes Calhoun, Grace Hoxie, Mable Wales, Grace Buttolph and Rena Huntley.

BASKET BALL.

THE 1911 interclass basket ball series ended Friday, February 17, with the senior team as champions. This is the fourth year that this team has won the series, and throughout that time it has lost only one game—to the class of 1910 two years ago. The last six games of the series were as follows:

Tuesday, February 7: Seniors, 19, sophomores,9; freshmen, 30, juniors, 23.

Friday, February 10: Seniors, 26, juniors, 9; freshmen, 18, sophomores, 12.

Friday, February 17: Seniors, 16, freshmen, 14; sophomores, 23, juniors, 16.

The standing of the teams is:

	WON.	LOST.
Seniors, ...	5	0
Freshman, ...	3	2
Sophomores, ...	2	3
Juniors, ...	0	5

THE CHICAGO ALUMNI DINNER.

THE second annual dinner of the Chicago Alumni Association of Middlebury College was given at the Press Club of Chicago on the evening of February 28, 1911, the guest of honor being Rev. Dr. Thomas, president of the college.

The attendance was not large, but hearty good cheer and enthusiasm prevailed. It was unfortunate that the day selected for the meeting was the last one of the most heated political campaign that Chicago has known in twenty years, which accounts for several absences.

Those present were Elias Dewey, '66; George E. Plumbe, '61; Richard S. Tuthill, '61; Abner Smith, '69; Rev. M. E. Cady, '69; H. P. Nichols, '69; H. P. Williamson, '96; Mary O. Pollard, '96, and Rev. H. O. Cady, '81.

After the dinner Doctor Thomas gave a very detailed account of the work of the college, its surprising growth, the encouraging outlook for the future and some of the pressing needs of the college. This was followed by short speeches by each of those

present, which were both grave and gay—a happy mixture of stories and experiences with comment on college advantages. It was a happy gathering of friends, old and new, and those who failed to attend missed a most enjoyable evening.

The officers of the association chosen for the ensuing year were George E. Plumbe (Great Northern Building) president, and Prof. H. P. Williamson (Box 216, Faculty Exchange University of Chicago), Secretary.

The time selected for the next annual meeting is the second Saturday of March, 1912.

AGED FRIENDS OF MIDDLEBURY.

IN connection with the dinner of the Chicago Alumni Association on February 28, I had the pleasure of visiting two devoted friends of the College, both of advanced age, yet both eager for news of progress and prosperity in Middlebury. To Dr. D. K. Pearsons I bore the gratitude of all Alumni and students for his generous gift of two years ago, which made possible the noble marble building which now crowns the western height of our campus. I found him comfortably established in a sanitarium near his former home in Hinsdale, suffering somewhat from various maladies, but rejoicing and happy in the tidings that reach him daily from the many colleges all over the country to which his gifts have brought renewed life. He declared himself greatly pleased with recent progress at Middlebury, especially the endorsement of the General Education Board and the securing of $160,000 of the required $200,000. "You'll get it", he said, with a chuckle, and I left him with a "God bless you" for his loyal interest in old Vermont and the start he gave me when I began my work for Middlebury.

In a beautiful home on North State street, surrounded by every comfort which loving thoughtfulness could provide, I found our oldest living graduate, Dr. Samuel Sterling Sherman, of the Class of 1838. One has to come down to the Class of 1846 to find the next class with a living representative. Although in his ninety-sixth year, Dr. Sherman's mind is still active. He recalled vividly the Middlebury of his day and pronounced the

names of many of his classmates. His career has been a remarkable one. Settling in Alabama soon after graduation, he became one of the leading educators of the South. He was the founder and first president of Howard College, now located at Birmingham, Ala., and it was especially pleasing to him to learn that Dr. Cunningham of our present faculty had his first experience in teaching in the far away southern college which his efforts called into being so many years ago. Dr. Sherman has recently published privately an autobiography, at the earnest request of his family and intimate friends; it is a fascinating story of an eminently successful and useful life. It was a great pleasure to tell him of recent advances in his alma mater, the old college of his native State which he has never ceased to love, and I was much pleased to find that Middlebury's oldest son is made so comfortable and happy in his extreme age in the company of those he loves and who anticipate his every want.

JOHN M. THOMAS.

THE EDITOR.

THE ARTICLE ON TOLSTOY.

THE CAMPUS seldom has the privilege of printing an article of such excellence as Professor Abernethy's appreciation of Leo Tolstoy in this number. Professor Abernethy is known, by reputation at least, to most of our readers as a firm friend of the college, who is deeply interested in its welfare. To fewer are his genuine literary taste, the delicacy of his judgments in literary matters, and the charm of his style so well known. To these especially we recommend this article that they may renew and enlarge their acquaintance with an old and charming friend.

THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

The trustees have asked the English Department to present an Elizabethan drama at Commencement. The play chosen is Peele's "Old Wives' Tale." Parts have already been assigned. The co-operation of Miss

Caroline Crawford has been secured in arranging the dances for which the play calls. It will be remembered that she staged the dances at the Latin play last Commencement. During the past winter she has staged the dances for the production of "The Blue Bird" in the new theatre in New York. The "Old Wives' Tale" is a comedy full of human interest, presented on a background of fairy lore and the varied superstitions of the English countryside. The department hopes to make the revival of interest not only historically, but even because of the force of its appeal to a modern audience.

COLLEGE LOYALTY! WHERE IS IT?

The Glee Club concert of February 24 was certainly a success as a concert. An entertainment that has been sure of a full house everywhere it has been, took in almost enough money to clear expenses here in Middlebury. By actual count there were more college men on the stage than there were in the audience. We suppose that if there had been some cheerful comedian with sawed-off poetry to tell the college fellows that they were on the wrong side and a chorus of near beauties, the price of the tickets could have been raised to seventy-five cents and the house would have been packed. It would seem that loyalty to Alma Mater should bring out a college crowd of equal size to attend an entertainment that was certainly of very much higher grade. The Glee Club does not ask for charity, but it does feel that it has received a snub at home. There is a regrettable tendency in this college to regard any activity of the college as unworthy the notice of those whom Nature has not endowed with the gifts necessary to the attainment of excellence in that special department. This applies to athletic contests as well as to concerts. It is not an attitude that we should be proud of.

ENTHUSIASM VS. SPORTSMANSHIP.

During the base ball season of 1910 and at the interclass basket ball contests, a tendency to indulge in rowdyism was noticeable on the part of a few. The behavior of supporters at athletic contests furnishes practically all the information that visitors and strangers obtain

regarding the character of a student body and offers an excellent standard for comparison. Enthusiasm is a desirable and needed quality, but the proper conception of gentlemanly methods for expressing it has more importance. Personal remarks, narrow spirit, and dependent standards of activity are all deplorable, and no steps should be necessary to prevent them in the future.

SENIOR VACATION

There are anxious looks and worried faces in 1911 just now, for the long-time established "loaf" known as the senior vacation has been relegated to oblivion. The Old Guard are rallying nobly against the overwhelming forces arrayed to deprive them of their well-earned bit of rest, but latest reports from the front seem to indicate that the odds are against them.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge all alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to J. M. Avery, Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'77. Prof. B. M. Weld died February 22, in Savannah, Georgia. Mr. Weld was a native of New Haven, Vt., where he spent the greater part of his life. He was for a time principal of Beeman Academy. For the past three years he has been principal of Beach Institute in Savannah.

'78. W. D. Smith is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Sheldon, Illinois.

'95–'97. A daughter was born to George and Anna (Janes) Douglass in December, 1910.

'96. Guy C. Lamson has resigned from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Hyde Park, Mass., to become Secretary of the Baptist Publishing Society of New England.

'02. A daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Archibald and Mary (Hall) Sheldon on February 20.

'05–'06. Fannie Milliken and Pauline T. Smith are teaching in Sherborn, Mass.

'07. Walter L. Barnum is teaching science in the Concord, (N. H.) high school.

'09. Lyman B. Tobin is attending the New York Law School.

'10. Gretta A. Cater spent a week with her friends in Middlebury recently.

'10. Frank P. Shea is principal of the Weston, (Vt.) high school.

Ex-'11. L. H. Stafford was a recent visitor in Middlebury.

LOCAL NOTES.

Percy D. Gunn, ex-'14 has a position on the Holyoke *Evening Telegram*.

H. A. Burnham, '11, is teaching Chemistry at the Johnson normal school.

Delta Kappa Epsilon entertained at a dance in the Masonic hall February 11.

Frances Williams, '13, has been obliged to leave college on account of illness.

George L. Brayton, '13, has returned to college after a semester at Cornell.

Indoor base ball and track practice have been started in the old Catholic Church.

Gladys Rand, '13, has been obliged to leave collge on account of illness at home.

Miss Mary Hunt of Worcester, Mass., was the guest of Eunice Smith, '11, recently.

E. M. Noyes, '11, recently supplied as principal of the Middletown Springs high school.

On February 17, Miss White lectured before the Barre Civic Federation on "Women's Clubs and Social Betterment."

E. J. Ryan, '12, and W. B. McGuirk, '13, attended the Commons Club Convention at Schenectady, February 24–25.

The Debating Union has cancelled the arrangement with the Clark College whereby a return debate would have been held this year at Worcester.

On Friday evening, February 3, the girls of Battell Cottage entertained a few of their friends at a dance in the large new dining room at the Cottage.

Instructor C. N. Boynton from Yale is filling Professor McGilton's place in the Chemistry Department. Professor McGilton is slowly improving.

On the evening of March 3, Professor Brown gave an illustrated lecture before the students of his department on his canoe trip to the interior of Labrador last summer.

During the month of February addresses were given before the Y. M. C. A. by Professors Robinson and Crafer. At the meeting of February 28 a new Constitution was adopted by the association.

Hon. Joseph Battell has presented the college about 500 acres of forest land situated north of East Middlebury and south of Roaring Brook, as a beginning for a school of Forestry at Middlebury.

J. Z. T. Nyi, Hangchou, China, W. N. Plummer, Laconia, N. H., R. M. Hutchins, North Stratford, N. H., have recently entered the freshman class. Mr. Nyi became interested in Middlebury through his teacher, Charlotte May Johnson, Middlebury, '01.

Over fifty Middlebury women attended the Student Conference of the Y. W. C. A. held at Burlington February 25–26. Miss White delivered an address at the conference on "The College Women in Rural Communities," which was largely attended and enjoyed by all.

At a meeting of the Connecticut Club, held at the home of Professor White, new officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Mr. Smiddy; vice-president, Miss Croft; secretary and treasurer, Miss Monroe. The annual banquet of the club was held at The Addison February 4.

Ray L. Fisher, '10, left town February 25. He will join the New York American League team at their spring training quarters March 14. His work as Physical Instructor has been

much appreciated and the bi-weekly gym classes in the old Catholic church will be missed by the underclassmen.

The building committee, composed of Dr. Henry H. Vail, Prof. J. W. Abernethy, ex-Gov. Fletcher D. Proctor, and John E. Weeks, have been authorized to construct the McCullough gymnasium next summer at a cost not to exceed $50,000. W. Nicholson Albertson of New York has been appointed architect and preliminary sketches have already been approved.

The Mumps Club wishes to announce the following officers: Maloney, '11, president; Miss Pike, '11, vice-president; Kopke, '12, treasurer; Walch, '12, Secretary; Twitchell, '11, McMurtry, '13, Brown, Holden, Bundy, Marsh, West, Hill, and McIntire, all of '14, are recent initiates. Other bids have been extended and a large increase in membership is expected.

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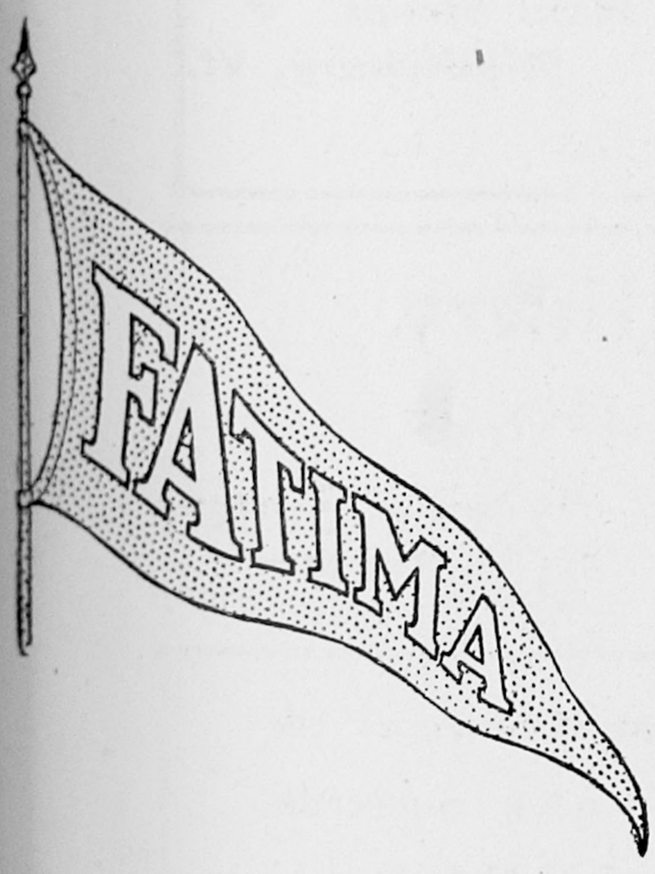

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